5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ready, he goes outside the lodge and shouts the invitation, calling out each guest's name three times, saying that he is invited to eat, and concludes by announcing that a certain number of pipes — generally three — will be smoked. The guests having assembled, each one is served with a dish of food. Be the quantity large or small, it is all that he will get. If he does not eat it all, he may carry home what remains. The host does not eat with his guests. He cuts up some tobacco, and carefully mixes it with *l'herbe*, and when all have finished eating, he fills and lights a pipe, which is smoked and passed from one to another, beginning with the first man on his left. When the last person on the left of the host has smoked, the pipe is passed back around the circle to the one on the right of the door, and smoked to the left again. The guests do not all talk at once. When a person begins to speak, he expects every one to listen, and is never interrupted. During the day the topics for conversation are about the hunting, war, stories of strange adventures, besides a good deal of good-natured joking and chaffing. When the third and last pipeful of tobacco has been smoked, the host ostentatiously knocks out the ashes and says "*Kyi*," whereupon all the guests rise and file out. Seldom a day passed but each lodge-owner in camp gave from one to three feasts. In fact almost all a man did, when in camp, was to go from one of these gatherings to another.

A favorite pastime in the day was gambling with a small wheel called *it-se'-wah*. This wheel was about four inches in diameter, and had five spokes, on which were strung different-colored beads, made of bone or horn. A level, smooth piece of ground was selected, at each end of which was placed a log. At each end of the course were two men, who gambled against each other. A crowd always surrounded them, betting on the sides. The wheel was rolled along the course, and each man at the end whence it started, darted an arrow at it. The cast was made just before the

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

those days the journeys made were short ones, the camp travelling but a few miles. 000

In moving the camp in ancient days, the heaviest and bulkiest things to be transported were the lodges. These were sometimes very large, often consisting of thirty cow-skins, and, when set up, containing two or three fires like this or in ground plan like this . The skins of these large lodges were sewn together in strips, of which there would be sometimes as many as four; and, when the lodge was set up, these strips were pinned together as the front of a common lodge is pinned to-day. The dogs carried the provisions, tools, and utensils, sometimes the lodge strips, if these were small enough, or anything that was heavy, and yet could be packed in small compass; for since dogs are small animals, and low standing, they cannot carry bulky burdens. Still, some of the dogs were large enough to carry a load of one hundred pounds. Dogs also hauled the travois, on which were bundles and sometimes babies. This was not always a safe means of transportation for infants, as is indicated by an incident related by John Monroe's mother as having occurred in her father's time. The camp, on foot of course, was crossing a strip of open prairie lying between two pieces of timber, when a herd of buffalo, stampeding, rushed through the marching column. The loaded dogs rushed after the buffalo, dragging the travois after them and scattering their loads over the prairie. Among the lost chattels were two babies, dropped off somewhere in the long grass, which were never found. 484 492 [342] [354] [493]

There were certain special customs and beliefs which were a part of the every-day life of the people. 576 276

In passing the pipe when smoking, it goes from the host, who takes the first smoke, to the left, passing from hand to hand to the door. It may not be passed across the door to the man on the other side, but must come back, — no one smoking, — pass the host, and go round to the man

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

576 276 across the door from the last smoker. This man smokes and passes it to the one on his left, and so it goes on until it reaches the host again. A person entering a lodge where people are smoking must not pass in front of them, that is, between the smokers and the fire.

626 276 782 A solemn form of affirmation, the equivalent of the civilized oath, is connected with smoking, which, as is well known, is with many tribes of Indians a sacred ceremony. If a man sitting in a lodge tells his companions some very improbable story, something that they find it very hard to believe, and they want to test him, to see if he is really telling the truth, the pipe is given to a medicine man, who paints the stem red and prays over it, asking that if the man's story is true he may have long life, but if it is false his life may end in a short time. The pipe is then filled and lighted, and passed to the man, who has seen and overheard what has been done and said. The medicine man says to him: "Accept this pipe, but remember that, if you smoke, your story must be as sure as that there is a hole through this pipe, and as straight as the hole through this stem. So your life shall be long and you shall survive, but if you have spoken falsely your days are counted." The man may refuse the pipe, saying, "I have told you the truth; it is useless to smoke this pipe." If he declines to smoke, no one believes what he has said; he is looked upon as having lied. If, however, he takes the pipe and smokes, every one believes him. It is the most solemn form of oath. The Blackfoot pipes are usually made of black or green slate or sandstone.

861 The Blackfeet do not whip their children, but still they are not without some training. Children must be taught, or they will not know anything; if they do not know anything, they will have no sense; and if they have no sense they will not know how to act. They are instructed in manners, as well as in other more general and more important matters.

[867] If a number of boys were in a lodge where older people

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

skins and was about sixteen feet in diameter. The lower edge of the lodge proper was fastened, by wooden pegs, to within an inch or two of the ground. Inside, a lining, made of brightly painted cowskin, reached from the ground to a height of five or six feet. An air space of the thickness of the lodge poles — two or three inches — was thus left between the lining and the lodge covering, and the cold air, rushing up through it from the outside, made a draft, which aided the ears in freeing the lodge of smoke. The door was three or four feet high and was covered by a flap of skin, which hung down on the outside. Thus made, with plenty of buffalo robes for seats and bedding, and a good stock of firewood, a lodge was very comfortable, even in the coldest weather.

It was not uncommon to decorate the outside of the lodge with buffalo tails and brightly painted pictures of animals. Inside, the space around was partitioned off into couches, or seats, each about six feet in length. At the foot and head of every couch, a mat, made of straight, peeled willow twigs, fastened side by side, was suspended on a tripod at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that between the couches spaces were left like an inverted V, thus ∧, making convenient places to store articles which were not in use. The owner of the lodge always occupied the seat or couch at the back of the lodge, directly opposite the door-way, the places on his right being occupied by his wives and daughters; though sometimes a Blackfoot had so many wives that they occupied the whole lodge. The places on his left were reserved for his sons and visitors. When a visitor entered a lodge, he was assigned a seat according to his rank, — the nearer to the host, the greater the honor.

Bows were generally made of ash wood, which grows east of the mountains toward the Sand Hills. When for any reason they could not obtain ash, they used the wood of the choke-cherry tree, but this had not strength nor spring

19: Forde E-4 (no date) 1952 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

554 [576] [181] at meetings and many other matters of precedence, all of which were observed most scrupulously. Rigid rules of etiquette and ceremonial procedure affected all sides of the social life of the Blackfoot and gave it a highly formalized aspect, characteristic of the Plains and surprising among a people of apparently simple economy.

181 [224] [517] But the Blackfoot and other Plains Indians are a hunting people among whom special conditions existed. They had a very rich source of food supply in the bison herds. Between the periods of intensive hunting they had considerable leisure, which on account of their nomadism could be applied only to a limited extent to arts and crafts, and appears to have been devoted largely to the elaboration of ceremonial which affected every aspect of their life. [177] They occupied a very wide tract of open country, across which travel was easy, so that every tribe made many contacts with its neighbours on a wide front and over what were, for a food gathering people, very large areas. Finally, they had acquired a domestic animal from a higher civilization which gave them unusual opportunity for satisfying their need and opportunity for mobility. [231] The western Plains thus form a very large area of surprisingly uniform and complex culture of hunting peoples diverse in origin, among whom new concepts and fashions spread with great rapidity to the limits of the area, but nearly always stopped short where the mobile hunting life was itself arrested.

[pgs. 69-474 not processed]

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

to him, just on the other side of him and his bundles. The people who had medicine pipes and beaver bundles always sat closest.

The men all sat cross-legged on the bed, wherever they were shown. Of course, the men always sat on the north side of the tipi and the women on the south. If a man was accompanied by his wife, she usually sat in the same place on the women's side as her husband was given on the men's. But the women never sit cross-legged. They sit with their legs either folded back to one side or else straight out.

After all the food was served out then my grandmother would serve out the beverage. Let's say she had tea. She would fill all the cups with tea and then pass them around to the guests. When they are through eating they just push their plates out away from themselves, and she comes around to pick them up. Then she sits back down by the fire and washes all her dishes right away. Most of the visitors brought their own plates and bowls, especially if they were religious people. If there was food left over at the end, she would divide it out among the bowls, and the visitors would take it home with them.

My uncle, Joe Heavy Head, was the one who usually did the chores and outside work around the tipi. He was their oldest son and he usually slept toward the back. He looked after the horses, and he went down to the bush for water and wood. My grandfather had no time for any chores because he was a religious leader. People kept him busy making announcements in the camp, or looking after their medicine pipe bundles. My grandmother had a lot of religious duties to take care of, too. On certain days she did all her day's work right in the morning, because she would be gone with her religious work the rest of the day.

252 grease her frying pan and spread part of the dough out on it, real evenly. She would scrape the ashes and coals out away from the main part of the fire. She spread them out evenly—they were red-hot—and she sat her frying pan right on top. Then she would turn it this way and that way, by the handle, and she would make sure that the bottom of the bread got nicely browned. She always knew when it was nicely browned and she'd take the pan off the hot ashes. She'd get one of her tipi stakes and she'd use it to prop up the frying pan by its handle, so that the heat would brown the top side of her bread. She didn't turn the bread over in the pan, she just stood the pan up and let the bread get browned on top from the heat.

[574] By the time she got everything cooked my grandfather's guests would already be sitting down and visiting. Of course, just because she was cooking didn't keep her from joining in 264 the conversations. She'd fix a place mat in front of each guest. Later on we used tablecloths from the stores, but in those days she used white flour sacks that were washed nice and clean. She would double one over for each guest. The first person that she always served was her husband; that is the proper way in our customs. She would put his meat and potatoes and bread in a bowl. These religious people always have special wooden bowls that nobody else eats from. She would put his knife and fork right in the bowl: we don't lay them out on the side. Then she would put the salt and sugar right beside him, and butter, too, if there was any. They liked butter on their bread. Only after he was completely served did she set up the places and food for the others. Of course, they just kept visiting during this time.

If they were not having any visitors then the next one who got fed was their oldest son or their hired man. His bed was the first one to the north of the back, to the right of the fire-264 place, when you enter. But if they had guests then he wouldn't 576 be up there, because my grandfather always seated his guests 574 by their traditional status. The most honored guests sat closest

within the tipi where the Bundle is kept. Peace and quiet should be maintained around such a tipi at all times. If someone calls from outside and does not come in, we must step outside to speak with him. Mokakin, himself a former Medicine Pipe Owner, was well aware of this rule. 778 784

"Oki, OmachKinna," I said to him, as he came through the doorway. I used a standard greeting of respect to an older man. 576 574

"Oki, Natosina ki SikskiAki," said Mokakin in return. He glanced around our tipi and said, "It's all fixed up now," giving an approving nod, then shaking his head to the side with pleasure. We felt happy and proud that our traditional Ways gladdened the old man's thoughts.

"Do you have time to sit and have a smoke and some tea?" I asked hesitantly. I knew that Mokakin was already serving as advisor, as grandfather, to the soon-to-be Horns. I wasn't sure how long he had for a visit with us.

No sooner had I asked the question than we heard Ponah's strong voice call out, "PitachPikis!" And for insurance she followed with, "Mokakin!" Knowing that there would be no excuse for not hearing his wife call at least one of his names, he apologetically mumbled something and hurried out. One of the future members of the Horns was probably waiting to be advised on some ceremonial matter. We knew that Mokakin would spend as much time at our place as he could, and we looked forward to his later visits.

Behind Mokakin's and Ponah's tipi was the tipi of their son, Charlie Weaselhead. His parents had given him the new white tipi to honor his joining the Horns Society. His joining meant a lot to them. They had been members in the past. 575 561 [431]

While sitting quietly in our tipi, we suddenly became aware of a gathering of voices, soon followed by a few beats on a large bass drum. The camp was about to be entertained by "tobacco singers," a group of friends who sit before the door of a lodge and sing until the lodge owner 533 [534] [431]

companion, Mike Yellow Bull, held him steady from behind until he was safely inside. Slowly, he walked around the fireplace toward me. 574

"*T'kcha?*"—Who is that?—the Old Man called out, as he pointed to Albert with one of his canes. In our tipi, he always sits at the place of honor, immediately to my left, where Albert was sitting. [576]

"Makwi Poka," Albert replied. The Old Man was momentarily confused, since our little boy, also named Makwi Poka, usually sits at my right. Then he recognized the voice and said, "Oh, my old son-in-law," his tone implying that he should have known who it was. He was referring to Albert's first marriage to his daughter, Victoria.

Albert got up and we helped the Old Man sit down in the honored place. At ninety-four, his vigorous outdoor life had helped him grow old in good health. Although his eyes were nearly worn out and his knees were weak, he was one of the few Old People who could sit through our all-night ceremonies and still be alert and joking when Sun came up in the morning. 887 147

The Old Man was the last holy man to follow the Old Ways of our People. He had spent his lifetime giving spiritual guidance to our People, doctoring them when their health failed, and leading their ceremonies when they came together to pray. 793 756

He had been born in the year 1877. His father's name was also Wolf Old Man, and his mother was the younger of Wolf Old Man's two wives. Not long after our Old Man's birth, Wolf Old Man died. Our Old Man's mother then mar- 551 [587]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13A]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan division of our People. Weather Dancers from various divisions often join together for Sun Dances. 123 [793]

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society. Among our People he was considered to have the greatest knowledge of the society's songs and ceremonies, having held seven different memberships in the society, including that of leader. The recent transfer was the tenth for which he had served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs and Pigeons societies. 793 575 561

As always, it was an honor to have the Old Man visit our home. His presence inspired us with the knowledge that it was still possible to find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits. 574 123

We sat in silence for a few moments after the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy conversation until he has learned what mood is current in the lodge he has just entered. During that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man, he was given the second place of honor in the tipi, to the left of the Old Man. 576 574

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the Old Man's duties. During his past memberships with the Horns he became acquainted with many of that society's functions, and is now looked upon as an advisor by the new members. In addition, Mokakin is a successful doctor of several minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams this Power and shown the plants to use while he was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly, while sleeping alone during a wintertime trapping expedition. 575 561 [867] 759 [787]

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778 574

[p. 15-A]

Before he entered he coughed; the people inside all sat in order. The messenger went inside. He put his robe on the right-hand side of the door and he went around the tipi making downward brushing motions on the People, except for the holy woman and her helpers. He passed in front of her and continued to make downward brushing motions on the men. When he got back to his robe he picked it up, secured it around his waist, and sat down. He sat on one of his feet.

793 796 [576] [516]

The messenger told them, "I came over to notify you that the Horns Society has finished the preparations." Neither the holy woman nor her husband spoke a word. The priest spoke, saying to everyone in the tipi, "Everything is prepared." And then, someone in the Holy Lodge who counted the tongue slices told the messenger there were not enough. The messenger immediately returned and told this to the Horns. Some Horns members went out of camp to get more beef tongues. They brought these tongues to the holy woman's tipi, where they were cut and sliced and set to dry.

793 796 575

At the Horns tipi, they selected their best singers from amongst the members. The singers formed themselves into two rows, the men in one row, the women in the other. They paraded to the east side of the camp circle. Then, starting at the east entrance they paraded by all the camps within the camp circle. At each camp they stopped and sang. After singing their song, one of the men called out: "Woo-Ka-Hai! For you People all to know: after tomorrow a sweat lodge will be constructed. Nobody is to leave the camps, so that we will all help with the construction of the Holy Lodge. We all will work on it after tomorrow."

796 575 533 [203]

The reason why the Horns set this date to build the lodge was so that there would be time for the newly cut tongues to dry. The tongues were to be used in two days' time.

The next morning everything was arranged, and the following morning the sweat lodge was

796 346 575

[p. 46-B]

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

apí'si otsináni ki ápsi. Túkskama áuanàyiu, ki mátopiu. Ki ómiks nátokami otaχkúikakòiau. Ki ómiksim nátokami ipotóχtsiks ánniksimaie kyńiekakòiau. Nisoóyi otspíuǎχsoàuaists.

they put the paint all over their bodies. With their arrows and their top-knots they sat outside in a circle. Their oldest partners were the ones that made them dance. Those at the upper end were the chiefs. One of them had a coyote-skin and an arrow. Another of them had a rattle, and he had also an arrow. And two of them were called the Yellow Doves. And there were two in the lower part of the circle, that were [called] the Bear-Doves. They danced four times.

Aisapánnistsosàists, ítoχkanautsimotàua. Itáisaipìiau, akéks ómoχtapaisummospiau. Kínnynie áitapsnipìiau. Ksipámmànists iskunákatsimiauaists. Itáisaikimiskàiau. Aiksuósau, akókàtsists itáutakòiau. Imitáiks ápàuyiau. Tsísiks mátauyiauaiks. A'istunniauaiks. Aiksuósau, mátsitàumatapòtsimiau máχksontòχpiau, áχsiists íksisakuists. Kínnimaie okóauai, tatsikíakokèuaχsini. Itá'χkanaipstsipoχtòmiau otáksoǎχsoauai. O'miks Otaχkúikakuiks áuyòsiau, Kyńiekakuiks ánniksaie áutomisoyìauaiks. Nepúsi tákskai nisoói áipaskàiau. Itáiksuòiau. Otástakakosiau ómaχkakunakàtsiks. Otáuanikoaiauaiks, máχkaskammoχsàua kanáitapì. Autamákoχtòmiau óχpsòauaists okímmanoauaists. A'iksiuoiau opáskanoauai, mátatstunnatàpsiauaiks. A'netoiau, mistáki itapístutsìau, mátatapaskàuaiks. Stuyís tákskami einí áuauakimàiau.

When [the dances] were completed, all the people would run away. They [the Doves] made a charge on [the place], where the women got water. There it was, [that] they made a charge. They shot at the water-bags. Then they [those bags] leaked. When they stopped [shooting], then they went around the circle-camp. They shot at the dogs. They did not shoot at the bob-tailed ones. They were afraid of them [of the bob-tailed dogs]. When they stopped, they began to take something that they might eat, choice meat. There was their lodge, the lodge in the centre. They brought everything, that they would eat, in [to their lodge]. The Yellow Doves cooked, the Bear-Doves were the ones, that they [the Doves] fed first. In one summer they danced four times. They stopped. The older members of the society relied on

them [the young Doves]. They [the young Doves] were told by them [the older members], that they should watch all the people. Then they fixed up their arrows [and] their top-knots. [When] they had stopped their dancing, they were not dangerous. They separated, they moved to the mountains, they did not dance any more [during that summer]. In winter *the only thing they chased was* the buffalo. 539 575 595

Mátsiks nistón nitáiikoputostuyìmi nimátsitoχkanaxàtsi. Itsipúmmotsèiau aχkúiinnimàn. Itsítsapiχ'takiu píksistsimàn. Itsitsípim omím moyísim. Omí Mátsi itoχkútsiuaie aχkúiinnimàn. Otáukotoχsàie omí aχkúiinnimàn, ánistsiuaie: Kitátsiàtsisi noχkoχkókit. Ki omá Mátsiua ánistsiua: A', kítoχkot. A'nistsiuaie: A'uke, ksáχkuma itsínit. Kàksimí itstakít. Sipátsimoii ákoχtamatòsimaup. Kamiχ'tástsiu, ánniuaie kitákitamatòsim. Áχké kó'sa asáni ákoχtsiksistsikìmistau. Otsítanikaie: *A*nisóminìt. Ki omá manikâ'piua áisòminiu. Ki omím ksistsikímistàni asáni tsápiχ'tsiu. Ki itótsimaie. Otoχkanáistumì asáni iχ'toχkánauanistutsìp. Sikíi síkoχtàii iχ'tsákoapiniâχpiskiu. Maiáii okakíni itátaikàtau. Imakáχsisi maiáii ákataikatàinai. Túksakai matsikísts ánnyaie nitsúyi ostói itótstsists. Iχ'kanáuanistutoinau otákaiks. Mátsiks áiksistsìppumnònìnau.

I was thirteen years old, when I became a member of the society of the Braves. They gave a pipe to one another. He [the youth that entered the society] put in the tobacco with other weeds. He entered the lodge. He gave the pipe to a Brave. When he had given him the pipe, he said to him: Give me your Brave-badge. And the Brave answered him: Yes, I give it you. He [the Brave] told him: Now, touch the earth. Put sage there [on the earth]. We shall use sweet-grass for incense. You will make your incense with the buffalo-chip-fire. We shall make the paint liquid in the cup of water. Then [the Brave] told him: Now take off your clothes. And the young man [that entered the society] took off his clothes. And the paint was in the liquid. And he took it. And he put the paint all over his body. With the black paint, the black liquid, he was painted that way beneath each eye, that it looked like tears. There was a round hole 539 575 276 539 575

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539
575

Màtsísini otsínaimoaiau áuanàyin. Amóksi apátsiau, ki amóksi kápaṃàni, kenní túkskam síksiksàtsi, ki ómiks nátokami Kyáiatsiks. Ikóksinàmiau. Ki áipaskàiau, otsínánoauaists ómoχtaipaskaχpuauaists mistsísau, istoái mínoχkoχtsi. A´nniksaukiaiks itstsísauaiks. A´nniksi iχ´táiχ´piiau. Ksaχkúmi itástautoyìau. Omíksim Kyáiatsiks aiχ´písau, ki amóksi otsítstautoau itáisautoyìau. Omíksi ikáistunnoyìau. Itáksiksuoiau. Itáiksistaipaskàiau, åχkéists ómaχksikimists táutaipìau. Imakáχsisi matsikyóauaists, itáiistápiksìmiauaists. Itauáχkaiiau akókàtsi, itáutakòiau. Omíksi otómaχkakauaiauaiks itáipuyìaiks. A´kaisoatsistsisaapùyi. A´iakanaitsiniotakìi. Mátsiks áiakàpotaχkàiau. Amáupit, áiaksiniχ´kì ikáiks. Minátsistsèkinit. Apinákusi áiakopakìau.

cut in the back-part of his robe. Even if his robe was very good, there would be a hole cut in it. His moccasins were the only thing, that was left on him. All his partners were treated the same way. The Braves had done being initiated.

The chief of the Braves had a rattle. There were [two] White Braves, and there were [two] owners of water-bags, and one owner of a willow-switch, and there were two Bear-Braves. They were very mean. And [when] they [these Bear-Braves] danced, the things that belonged to them, they were dancing with, were sticks, and a knife at the end [of each stick]. There they put [the knife]. With those things they danced. They stuck them [the sticks] in the ground. When the Bear-Braves danced, then they pulled out those [sticks] that they had stuck in [the ground]. [The people] were very much afraid of them. They would quit. [When] they had done dancing, they ran to the waters of lakes. Even if their moccasins were good, they threw them away. [When] they went back [to] the circle-camp, they went around. The older members were standing there. They [the Braves] gave orders [to the main camp] not to go about [out of their lodges]. They would tear them [the people] to pieces [if they did not obey]. The Braves were going around to get leggings.

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

Ki ostóauai Mátsiks túkskæmiau ákàpsæmiau einíi, ómoχtapakaiip. Kénniχ'kaie ákoχtsistutsìau. Aukékau. Amóksi Mátsiks itsinóyiau einí. Otótoχsau, itáipuyìau. A'uaniau: Mátsæmapitsipùyiχ'pa imakétukskàmi. Aistámæksinip, akaiimi einí. Kanáitapiua áitamitakìu. A'nni áuaniau. Anísau „akaiimi einíua", mátsitstsìpa einí. Kanáitapìua aistámæksinim, mátsitstsìpa einí. Ki omí matápi ákiniauaie, otákanikoaiauaie: A'uke, ámoists nitsinánists. Kítoχkotoχpuai. Anítsiniòtsika. Mátakanitsiniotsìma. Anístæsaie „minánitsiniòtsit", ki otákànitsiniotòkaiks. Kénna ánistsinaie: Anítsiniòtsit, anítsiniotomòkit. Kénna ánianistàpi áuanistsiua: Ksistóa noχkoχkókit. Omá mátàkoχkotsìuats. A'nistæsàie „minoχkókit", kipanístsi otákoχkòkaie. Omá Matsíu apókapitapìu. Istoχkanáuapokapitapiu. Omá Mátsiu otsitapíuaχsini, ánnyaie anistápitapìau. Amóksi Mátsiks apókapitapìau. A'íksistsipæskàiau, ánetòiau. A'isoksinimiau ómoχtaipæskaχpuaua. Nitúyi mistákists istæpístutsìau. Ki nisoóyi túkskaie nepúyi opáskanoauaists, ki itaunétòiau. Ki ánetapaitsikinimaii imitáiks.

[They would say:] Be quiet, the medicine-lodge-makers [the woman, that gives the medicine-lodge, and her husband] are going to sing. You must not make noise. To-morrow in the morning we shall move. 539 575

And the Braves alone would look for the buffalo, where there were the most. That way [as they were told by the Braves] they [the Peigans] would move. They [after having moved] were camped. The Braves had seen the buffalo. When they came back, they talked among themselves. They said: There was none [no buffalo] standing about, [not] even one. Then we just knew, that there were many buffalo. All the people were happy then. Thus they [the Braves] would say. When they said „There are many buffalo", then there were no buffalo. All the people then just knew, that there were no buffalo. And [when] they would catch a person, he would say to them: Here are my things. I give them to you. Tear them up. [Then] they would not tear them. If he said to them „Do not tear them", then they would tear them. And [therefore] some person would tell them: Tear them up, tear my things up. And some other person would ask him [the spokesman of the Braves] for one or another thing: Give it to me. Then he [the spokesman of the Braves] would not give it. If he [that person] 539 575 224 539 575 195

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

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said „Do not give it to me", then he would give it to him in a hurry. A Brave was a person with whom everything was reversed. He was a person with whom everything was most reversed. What belonged to one Brave [that means: what is said about a Brave in general], that kind of people they were all. The Braves were people with whom everything was reversed. [When] they had done dancing, they separated. They took each of them their own things with which they had danced. The same way [as the Doves did] they [the Braves] would move to the mountains. And four times in one summer were their dances, and then they separated. And the dogs are scratching the ground [after having eaten] [that means: the story is at an end].

[Cf. Grinnell blt 222 sq., Wissler-Duvall mbi 105 sq., Mc Clintock ont 449 sq. 455 sqq.]

Child-birth.

539 844 Omík apatóχts akéks aiáksists-istomaiks okóauaists mátsitaipsts-istsistomiuaiks. Saá´χtsi itauápi-omoaiau. Stsíkiks únnoauaiks okó-auaists ánnimaie aitapóiau. Nitúyi nitsitásapiomoàii. A´istsistòmis, piχ´ksúyi ksistsikúyi itáikamotàii. Iχ´tsáiitaipsistsistomiau akéks okó-

539 844 343 Long ago women, that were about to give birth to a child, did not give birth to it in their own lodges. Outside [of their lodge] there was a shade built for them. Some [of the women] went to their fathers' lodges. In the same way there was a shade built

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

126 discoveries which bore upon my own culture, and upon my personal self.

My original journal was very detailed and very long, but not all portions of this volume appeared therein. Some of the Chief's stories were on tape and had to be transcribed in their entirety and inserted in a manner duplicating the time and the place of their original telling. Also, my subsequent visits with the Chief—and I have been spending more and more time among the Piegans—have produced additional information which has been added in the form of footnotes. Otherwise, nothing has been changed—and absolutely nothing has been contrived: these are the words and the actions; these are the feelings and the thoughts; these are the people.

622 Most important, of course, are the people, and foremost among the people is the Chief. At this writing, the Old Fellow is well—and [575] as dynamic as ever. His birthday was on May 10, but I gave him his [527] birthday party on Sunday, May 8, in conjunction with a meeting of [123] the Crazy Dog Society. (I have been elected a member of the Crazy Dogs.) No record of the precise date of the Chief's birth has been found, but since everything else he has ever told me has eventually checked out 100%, I accede to the Chief's belief that he was born on May 10, 1857, and consequently has just celebrated his 109th anniversary—assuredly he is well past the century mark.

622 Some time ago, the Chief told me that both his birth and his 127 baptism had been recorded by a Roman Catholic priest whom he knew only by his Indian name, "Marten Cap," and it was in pursuit of my belief that "Marten Cap" was in reality a Jesuit missionary named Fr. Imoda that I came closest to establishing (verifying) the Chief's true age. In the records of old St. Peter's Mission, dated Dec. 31, 1875, entered in the hand of Fr. Imoda himself, I came upon the following: "*Ego C. Imoda S.J. prope flumen Natokiokas bapt. seq.* [I, C. Imoda, of the Society of Jesus, near Two Medicine River, baptised the following]." Listed then, in both English and Latin, were the baptismal names of seven of the children of Onistáipokah, the Chief's father. The Chief's Christian name ("James *Jacobum*") was among those listed, but since the Chief was by this time a well grown youth, and since Fr. Imoda was able to give only an approximation of his age at the time of baptism, the mystery lingers.

178 This journal, *Piegan*, was written less than four years ago, but [657] those four years have seen many changes, both great and small, [511] here on the Reservation. In Browning in "Moccasin Flat," there is scarcely a dwelling that does not now have inside water, electricity and a television set (but precious few of them have an inside toilet).

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

Here on the ranch, in addition to the fact that the Chief has developed a passion for Juicy Fruit gum and chews five sticks at a time, I would list as our major changes: the refrigerator which has replaced the pantry, and the electric percolator which has put the old granite coffee pot out of business excepting on days such as today when the power lines are down. (Brother Jim being brother Jim, we do not have an ordinary percolator but a huge thing that makes 35 cups at a throw and stands so high on the cupboard that you can't get the doors open.) Brother Jim, like the Montana weather, is one of those things that will never change because they are completely unpredictable to begin with. It is June, but since last night a mountain blizzard has been whistling snow against the west side of the house, and as Jim came in this morning with an armload of fuel for the woodstove (which is still our source of heat around here) he said, "Goddam, I had enough of this goddam windy!"

Both Jim and the Chief have gone into town to prepare for the Crazy Dog dance which will begin at Mrs. Big Spring's house at about 11:00. I will take my Crazy Dog rattle and drive in to join them, and I know that at the dance I will be impressed by the one change among the Blackfoots that really touches me. So many of the old people are gone now: Chewing Black Bones, Dan Bull Plume, Juniper Old Person, Jim White Grass, Cecile Last Star, Fish Wolf-robe—so very many others. I miss them, and it is to their memory, as well as to the Chief, that this book is dedicated.

RICHARD LANCASTER

White Calf Ranch
Blackfoot Indian Reservation,
Montana
June 4, 1966

[p. 8 is blank]

resident described them, "A bunch of young drunks and wife-beaters." In Browning the cops do not have any police training and the magistrates do not have any legal or judicial training, and the whole law enforcement situation is really pretty sad. But Jim explained to me that this had not always been the case. He explained that the Chief's old warrior society, the Crazy Dogs—a very highly honored society to which one had to be elected—had not only been extremely fierce in battle but had functioned among their own people as camp police, attending to those various disciplines necessary to the maintenance of a neat and orderly encampment. The Chief's position of Captain of Indian Police was a logical extension of his authority as head of the Crazy Dogs, and Jim assures me that when his dad was in office the Indian Police were a functional and respected group. Jim says that the Chief was not afraid of any living man, Red, White, Black or Yellow, and that he slapped trouble-makers in the pokey with complete disregard for their color, social standing or political influence. This, of course, did not sit very well with the Whites and "high-breeds" who, like the pigs in *Animal Farm*, considered themselves to be "more equal." And since the Chief was one of the original "untouchables"—you couldn't kill him, scare him, or buy him off—he was eventually forced from office.

Interestingly enough, though, the Crazy Dog Clan is still in existence, and it still functions. The Piegans are not often inclined to present their grievances before the local courts—and who can blame them!—but the Crazy Dogs have been known to call upon a thieving neighbor or an improvident husband and to employ their own persuasions toward reformation.

When Dad and Jim got home this evening, shortly after six, Jim informed me (with ill-concealed I-told-you-so) that one of the Tribal Council members is in jail "for drunk." ("He was pick up with drunk driving.") Jim had bought pork and beans, sweet rolls, white bread, Bull Durham and cigars. I have learned to anticipate Jim's contributions, and I had countered them by purchasing canned vegetables, blackberries, cherries, applesauce, fresh grapes, pipe tobacco and a new pipe for the Chief (on "Special" at Buttrey's).

At supper we gave the moose a rest and ate eggs, pork and beans, canned mixed vegetables, bread, and coffee tea or milk. Coffee is *Ah-siks-eh-kim-mel*, but tonight, while requesting a second cup, Jim used the term, *Och-koh-tóke*, and this launched us into a noun vocabulary session which lasted all during the meal and for about an hour thereafter. The phrase, *óch-koh-tóke*, literally means, "like a rock," and Jim explained that the Canadian Blackfoots commonly

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were refused the comfort of entering Sun's lodge and making offerings to Those Above. Daily from lodge to lodge they begged for work and food and the privilege of sleeping near the doorway. None liked to look at them, so closely did their faces resemble the face of a human skull.[55]

Facial mutilation is a harsh penalty for adultery. When it is accompanied by ostracism from the community and denial of religious rights, it is brutal. Yet, it appears from Schultz that such treatment for shaming one's husband was not uncommon, and according to the illustrations in Blackfeet and Buffalo (pp. 352-353), It-si-yi-niki, the last of these cut-nosed women, died as recently as 1930. This is a definite statement of the relationship between goodness, success, and appearance. There are, however, other ways of manifesting goodness beyond the avoidance of beatings or brutality.

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In the evening I was invited to a feast given by Big Lake. Rising Wolf, was also a guest along with a number of other staid and sober men. Young men seldom feasted and smoked with their elders, and in the camp there were many coteries, or social sets, just as we find them in any civilized community, with the exception that there was no jealousy or rivalry between them; no one felt that its members were in any way better than the members of another set.[56]

[561] [888]

Equalitarian social sets associated with generous feasting were typical of the age-graded Blackfoot society of this period. Although rank and decision-making power did reside in the hands of the older and spiritually more powerful men, to some degree this was primarily a function of age and chance.

000 and chance. But there was only limited jealousy and competition between social sets, whereas the various age-grades were as groups deemed rivals. Obviously institutionalized generosity and hospitality were important during this period.

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> He came singing, waving his rifle; he halted and said: "What happiness, this running and killing buffalo. I killed eight. How many, you?"
>
> "Five. We have killed too many; the meat of four will be a big load for our wagon. The rest will be wasted. I take shame for us," I said.
>
> "Not so. We should have killed more. I forgot to tell you that I told some of our people camped back of your tradehouse to trail us and we would give them of our kills. They will be here. We should have killed more."
>
> This made me feel better. As we were butchering one of my kills, our teamster came and got busy, and a little later a number of Eagle Head's Blackfoot friends and relatives arrived, men and women with pack horses and travois horses, fell to work--happily chattering and singing as they plied their knives. They were all old men and women, some of them widows, and sincere in their praise of us for giving them of our kills.[57]

Here we find praise associated with sharing one's bounty, and conversely shame was the result of waste. Recognition was related to economic security and to generosity, and, of course, such success in hunting as in anything else comes from skill, experience, and some diligence. Schultz also notes that generosity was also associated with worship,

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> . . . Nat-ah'-ki said: "How good was the Sun to keep us unharmed through this great danger." I am sure she voiced the sentiments of all. The next day I noticed that the trees and high bushes bordering the river were bright with the people's offerings or sacrifices to their god. They always gave of their best, their choicest and most prized ornaments and finery.[58]